

# Higher

## Big Sean

My, my, my, as the world turns  
Today if I don't earn, best believe I'm gon' learn  
If I can't do either or, shit it's none of my concern  
Watch my enemies burn as I fulfil every yearn, ah  
Reminiscing on the rappers I would look up to  
The ones who want my feature price and the hookup too  
The girls I fantasized about tryna hookup too  
Niggas seven feet, telling me I'm who they look up to  
Huh, and bitches still telling me to grow up  
Don't invite 'em to my shows but always still manage to show up  
Man, I made myself a boss and then I gave me a promotion  
And I step inside the booth and change the world like I be voting  
So when you step inside my office, treat that beast like it's the Oval  
El presidente, lord, sensei  
Do ya job, it could be pay your rent day, getting riskay  
Crazy nigga, they ain't seen it like this since 'Ye, yea  
Well this the life that I live  
Collecting everything overdue, for all the work that I overdid  
D-Town but Chi-Town they love me like I'm Oprah kid  
Tryna make it to the top so I can let my dogs know it exist  
'Cause when you come from the bottom man it's so hard to just get a glimpse  
So hard to get a glimpse, so while I'm here I might take a pic  
And show 'em that it's more to the world than tryna make a living  
Like changing it then looking back and saying that we did it  
Okay, como me llamo  
She say Ingles, no hablo, man unless it's eat me out though  
Benihani, my McDonald, all black leather jackets  
While I ride in my Diablo, swear I feel like I'm Keanu  
Wishing Lamborghinis made a five do'  
'Cause I got too many real mu'fuckas I ride for, die for, uh  
Straight out the metropolitan  
My city need a hero so I treat it like Metropolis  
And it's a few bad Lois Lanes I can't name  
Even though I'm me, Lord knows that I can't say  
But I'm still the same me, same clique, the same hood, the same bitch  
I came up, my bank up, but I stack that like I ain't rich  
Back when we was on college tours with Wale, man we ain't make shit  
From Greensboro to SoCal, man all the way back to Cambridge  
And Michigan State, close to my Michigan estate

Man we was trying to get away, man we was trying to get our day  
And damn (damn), tomorrow never seemed so close  
And life ain't what it seem no mo' (no mo')  
'Til I was standing next to Puff and Hov, off the French coast  
A million dollars never seemed so broke  
And every bitch I'm fucking praying they the one I settle with  
And niggas suing me and they just banking on the settlement  
Never settling, life is too fast just to settle in  
So many rocks up in my bezel, police thought embezzlement like damn!Shit, can't a young nigga live man  
We done worked too hard  
Yup, good, Finally Famous nigga  
We ain't never going broke nigga!

Songwriters

ANDERSON, SEAN MICHAEL / BEAGLE, DENZIE HUGH / JONES, MALIK YUSEF EL SHABBAZ /  
WEIR, DWANE M. II / RILEY, WINSTON DELANO / WILLIAMS, WILBERT KEITH / EPPS, TAUHEED /  
THORNTON, TERRENCE LE VARR / WEST, KANYE OMARI / TAFT, STEPAN / THOMAS, JAMES  
MICHAEL / WIPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>